MORE MARGIN.

Incidents Following the Birth of a Rich Was

He was a Kalamazoo man. He made freight wagons for the Bocky Mountain traffic. Their excellence was proverbial. When he was in New York in March last, buying the hardware of his trade, he was introduced by a friend to a New street broker on a down train of the elevated road. The form of the introduction. Let me make you acquainted with an absolutely honest broker, who never did a mean or an unkind thing," was neither flattery nor chaff. The broker was truthfully described. The integrity, courage, and devotion which distinguished his brigade quartermastership in the war, were taken into the New York Stock Exchange and there maintained. His word was received with the faith given to a promise of the Bank of England. He could not have

Hed if he would. A third grandchild coming one day into the house of the Kalamazoo man's daughter, suggested to him the enlargement of that mansi by building a wing. The Kalamazoo man doted on his daughter, and in quick determination the wing was mentally built. He did not like to take the money for it out of his business. White in session as a ways and means commit-tee on the cost of this wing, the New street broker walked into his brain, and, by natural sequence, at his military heels followed the suggestion that he architectural cost of the third baby's coming might be made out of a speculation in stocks. A sharp reaction of alarm abruptly closed the session of the ways and means and drove him to the smith shop to give unusual care to the welding of the front For the Kalamazoo man had brains and prudence, and long ago reasoned himself into the belief that buying and selling stocks on a margin in the New York Stock Exchange, at any time and under any circumstances, is simply gambling, with all its uncertainties and perils, to any and everybody except to the great capitalists who can make and destroy markets.

Vhy as he left his smithshop did the soldierly. bluff figure of the New street broker come in attractive shape to his side and march with him? It did. For three days the Kalamazoo man's watchfulness of front tires and hind tires relaxed. On the sly he studied the daily report of the New York stock market.

'Twas that third baby's fault. The Kalamasoo mail of March 29 took to the New street broker a letter containing a draft for \$10,000 as margin, and an order to buy 1,000 shares of Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Lake Shora was a noighbor of the Kalamazoo man He knew Lake Spore and had unlimited faith in it. But he pinched the letter tight when half way into the mail box, opened his thumb and foreflager hesitatingly, and in an instant after it fell out of reach wanted to recover it and recall the order. His good angel was whispering in his ear. But he drove her away with a flush of shame at his vaciliation and cowardice and went critically and austerely through the spoke shop. The stock was bought at 109%. The Kalamazoo man had reasoned himself into the belief that it would go to 120, The return mail brought the usual notice of purchase and a letter from the broker to the effect that he was surprised that a man, who knew that he did not take orders simply to make commissions, should send him a pe emptory order to buy 1,000 shares of Lake Bhore in that market. "That market!" The two words flashed through the Kalamazoo man's sensitive frame, weakening the solidity of his poise and beading his forehead with sweat. They opened a hole, down which he saw disappear with a rush an indefinite portion of his property. The Kalamazoo man for a moment wished that that baby had not arrived. He instantly grew ashamed of the feeling, and went up to see the new comer, snuggled it in his neck as he paced his daughter's chamber, kissed its soft cheek, and talked baby talk to it. But all through the repeated inquiries addressed to the muslined bundle: "Waz see her dranpa's 'peshus 'ittle darlin'?" his mind was in Wall street, wondering what was the matter with "that market."

He found out when the Associated Press informed the people of Kalamazoo what were the closing prices of stocks in New York that day. Lake Shore sold at 107. The wagon builder was quick to understand, He realized that he had gone into an artificial market at the flood and bought just before the ebb. He called himself some kind of an ass. The angry descriptive prefix was a simple word. This he compounded. He theroughly stoned himself with profane and depre ciating speech, then sounred his shoulders for any result, and went to his kiln to look to the drying of his timber. But Lake Shore was between his eyes and every stick of oak in the oven, and though he looked over and over at the kiln's thermometer and hygrometer, he sould not intelligently read either. With a fittle stroke of terror and a great shame, he realized that his large and reputable business was for the moment out of his grip.

Making no record of the almost constant self reproach for quitting a business he understood to make money suddenly in one he was ignorant of when Lake Shore fell to 102 he went to his deposit bank and covertly took out of his tin box his entire stock of bonds, which he had always treated as the reserve capital of his business, and took the night express for New York. His sleep on the way was abridged by calculating over and over and over again whether on a purchase of 1,000 shares of Lake Shore at 109%, it would be possible to lose the regular margin of \$10,000 and the possibly called margins of \$20,000 in bonds. On some slates he ciphered between the blankets partial losses. variously; on others total losses. A vision of the sale of his securities closed the last of these arithmetical trials. He felt relieved, swore with emphasis that the baby should have the addition

to the house, and went soundly to sleep. When he entered New street he found the bulls huddled in alarm, and quickly saw that it was not only the sweet intention, but within the power, of the bears to scare their horns off and subsequently take their hides. In his broker's office the clarion voice of the ex-quartermaster described to him the situation as cheeringly as the truth admitted, but not more. Greeting and report finished, the broker in an undertone said: "I am under the necessity of calling for more margin. Your security is exhausted. The man from Kalamazoo had a sickening doubt if interest-paying first mortgage railroad bonds would be received as a substitute for cash at No. - New street at a time when bulls shed their horns in terror and bears tore off bides with one stroke of the paw. But he airily drew from his pocket a senied package and presented it to the broker, saying that he was the boy that could put up margin as often as called for, and adding, "Here are eight Michigan Central firsts." The broker with an almost imperceptible motion hefted the package without breaking the sea and eyed the man from Kalamazoo with hesitation. "John! put Mr. --- 's name on this en-velope. It contains eight Michigan Central firsts. Put the package in the safe." Then, in a pleasant but military undertone, he said to the Kalamazoo man: "I would prefer that you make your next margin in cash, and no securities. Good morning!" He disappeared into the Board, and the Kalamazoo man disan peared in the street, wondering when tha other margin would be called for and how much he might lose on his securities if h had to sell them for each. But through all his apprehension and nervousness ran a sweet Impression of the New street broker, who while doing his business safely, had tenderly assepted him as a man of honor. and flattered his prido exceedingly by toss ing into his safe unopened a scaled pack age of bonds as an equivalent for \$8,000. Be fore he got out of the street Lake Shore had been hammered down to 97%. He reached his hotel in a mood to feel that the honey of human life was to be got from emptying six revolvers into Jay Gould, and wondering why railroad wreckers had not been outlawed by act of Legislature, so that anybody could kill them on sight. That night he dreamed of an auction sale of his eight Michigan firsts in the public park at Kalamazoo, at which all the town at-

tended, and the dullest fools in the town agreed that they always had thought that the wagen manufacturer was not a man of sound business What maddened him into wakefulness was the dream vision of a new and strange name over the office door of his factory. Lake Shore was to ruin him, ch?

That a manufacturer who was the superin

undent of every department of his business, and fally watched its details, should be staying in New York waiting for the end of a fight between the bears and bulls of the stock market, galled him. Yet he could not go. He knew that real values had nothing to do with the struggle, and that he could not make any safe estimate of the depth to which unquestionably good properties ould be depressed in a panic engineered by unlimited capital against limited margins. Therefore he could not fix the amount of collateral which he would leave in his broker's hands and run home to his business. He stayed laughing at the preposterousness of his bondage, cursing at the enforced neglect of his factory, which his active imagination filled with bad work to the peril of his justly cele heated greetit. He was a man of strong head but he grew morbid. He lashed himself with scorn for the weakness which indulged ap-prehension so disproportioned to risk. He knew that he had but to hold on to come out right. But he could not abide in this knowledge. Point after point, Lake Shore fell. The entire bottom of the market seemed to be falling out under the terror of holders and the hammering of sellers. Repentance of his purchase became almost his condition of being. He ciphered his loss on the top of the Brooklyn Bridge, in the Mail of the Central Park, on the steamer to Coney Island. He measured the possible fall of Lake Shore against his cash margin and his bond margin, in the theatres in the concert halls, and in the Metropolitan Museum. The infernal arithmetic and mensuration made his food tasteless and his sleep a labor. And yet this man did not love money. He was proverbially careless of it and generous, and was beautifully free from reverence for wealth. He thoroughly knew, too, that he could stand any loss which his ill-advised speculations might inflict. But the knowledge did not save him from the incessant recurrence of a conflict between his reason and apprehen sion, from the half-hourly lash of repentance which cut and weakened him like lashes of neuraigis, and of which he grew to be blushingly ashamed; for the Kalamazoo man had the courage to march straight at a defended earthwork, or to sink with a smile from a wreck into

In his room at the Sturtevant House, his eye followed the descent of Lake Shore in the published daily quotations down to 94 and something. Without waiting to be called to put up more margin he went to New street hoping. yet doubting, that voluntary readiness to give security and the excellence of Philadelphia and Erie firsts would commend six of these bonds to the ex-Quartermaster as being fully equal to the gold coins of the republic in the respect of communicating a feeling of assurance to a broker. 'Twas a little nervous, the delivery he made of his package. The envelope was scaled. He had inadvertently sealed it, after writing on it its contents and his name. "John!" called the broker." put this package in the safe with the other." He did not open it, but there was an amused little smile on his bluff face as he tossed to his bookkeeper the bundled evasion of his recently expressed preference of money to corporate promises. Then he turned to the Kalamazoo man, and in a softened voice, that had a hundred average men's souls in it, said: Mr. ---, it is pleasant to have you in New York, but it is not necessary for you to stay here. If you wish to go home, go. I think your stock will now take care of itself. If it does not, you shall not suffer by being a thousand miles away."

Chastened, but at peace and in his factory. the Kalamazoo man witnessed the sudden trans formation of bears into bulls, and watched the onsequent upward movement in stocks. He had left an order to sell his Lake Shore at 109%. A 4 per cent. dividend went to his credit. The sale at his figures let him out, and gave him a trifling profit. When the account of sales, the check to balance, and his triple margin came from New street, the wagon maker went into his forge shop, took off his coat, and, to the astonish ment of his men, worked hard for an hour at one of his anvils. He welded tire after tire. None of them knew that every blow of his heavy hammer dented and bedded in the tough metal promise after promise that so long as he lived he would never again buy stock on a margin. The earnest recording of oaths in hot iron stopped with the hammer uplifted in the air. The wagon maker raised his face and looked up among the cross what was unseen to his men. He let the hammer drop softly to the floor, and said, in a low tone: " Twas worth all my worry and trouble just to have that broker come into my life. His disinterestedness, frankness, and fidelity, yes, and his tenderness under bluffness, balance a long open account with the selfishness, dishonand meanness of a thousand other men. Yes, I would go through it all again, just for the moral value and sweetness of knowing such

MAURUS JOKAL

An Honor for a Distinguished Hungarian A Wonderful Novellst.

The citizens of Papa, county of Veszprein. Hungary, honored themselves on July 18 by placing a memorial tablet over the main en trance of the Protestant Lyceum, where, forty vears ago. Maurus Jokal graduated.

Maurus Jokal is the foremost Hungarian novelist. The Magyars term him their Alexandre Dumas, although he resembles Dumas in fertility and industry only. He is superior as a writer. Jokal was bern at Komorn on Feb. 19. 1825. His father was an advocate of good and ancient family and a strict Calvinist. When 6 years old Jokal wrote his first poem, and at the age of 17 he wrote "Ordeal " his first novel. The poem was printed in a Hungarian weekly newspaper, and the novel was awarded a prize by the students and professors of the Lyceum. In that same year he wrote "The Hebrew Boy," his first dramatic poem, in competing for a prize offered by the Hungarian Academy of Sciences for the best dramatic work of inherent literary value. He gained "honor able mention." but did not carry off the prize. Jokai studied for the bar and was licensed as an advocate, but he adopted journalism as a profession, and has been an industrious litterateur rince his twentieth year. He has published nearly 200 volumes of romances and many novelettes, a history of Hungary, and several voumes of dramatic poems. He was editor of the famous Wochenblatt in 1816. In 1848 he proclaimed the "Twelve Points of Pesth," and in the same year married Rosa Labarfaloi, th greatest of Hungarian tragediennes. In 1849 he followed the Hungarian Government to De breezin, where he edited the Abendblitter, and was present at the capitulation of Villagos Aug. 28. To escape being made prisoner he resolved on suicide, but was saved by the fortunate arrival of his wife from Peath. He had converted all her jewels into gold. The pair found their way on foot through the Russian army, reached a safe hiding place in the wood d Bukk, and at last reached Pestic in safety Fen years followed during which Hungarian literature became well nigh extinct. Almost sione Jokai created a new one, and since politi al purnalism was impracticable betook him-

cif to fletion. His fancy is rich and creative, his withealthy and his language elegant. He characterizes men and events with singular force and accuracy, and makes his stories intensely interest-ing without degrading literary art. His novels ing without degrading literary art. His novels are marked by wonderful descriptive power, and riveled with pure and noble thoughts. All that he writes is translated into German, and many of his works into French, English, and other languages, Jokal is a nost of merti, a positival leader, a leading journalist, and a member of Parliament. He was a sensorfellow of the Hungarian poet, Aux, Petoff. He edits sevent newspapers. A Hon, a daily, and the Usdicion, a leading are among the number. Jokal is a fellow of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Hungary, and an honorary member of the International Literary Congress, elected at the session held last year in London. SOME NEW BOOKS.

One of the most noteworthy events of the present London season has been the delivery f a course of lectures by M. RENAN, which are now published under the name of English Conerences (J. R. Osgood & Co). In these discourses the distinguished scholar explains the sense in which Christianity is a Roman work examines the legends which attribute martyrdom to Paul and Peter, and traces the first steps of the process by which Rome became the cen tre of ecclesiastical authority. In their English dress these lectures are sure to find their way to a wide audience, and we cannot help exressing a regret that the translation should fall so far short of reproducing the author's exceptionally lucid and polished style. It is probable however that the force of his main posttions and the general scope of his exposition can be tolerably well appreciated in the English

version. That Rome, by creating its vast empire evolved the indispensable conditions for the propagation of Christianity is a familiar truth but it has never been more distinctly and effectively enunciated than by M. Rénan. He shows us that liberty of thought did not and could not exist under the ancient insignifican republics, whose municipal worship was indissolubly woven into their civic constitution and that it was the large royalties resulting from the Macedonian conquest which enfranchised the intellect. The Roman empire held to the traditions of the Ptolemies. There was, t is true, under the Cæsars more than one arbitrary law against the philosophers, but these were called forth by their meddling with political affairs. In the legislation of the Romans before the time of Constantine, we can find no clause directed against freedom of thought as such, no prosecution of abstract doctrine It is true that on political grounds the civil authority persecuted Christianity severely at times, but at least did not destroy it. Now, the old commonwealths, omnipotent in their capacity of harassing individuals within their narrow bounds, would have rendered it impos-It was in fact the Roman magistrates who hindered the Pharisees from stifling Christianity in the germ.

M. Renan goes on to show that the evolution of fit material conditions for the spread of a new religion was coincident with an immense yearning throughout the civilized world for social regeneration and spiritual consolation. What men desired after the frightful butcheries f previous centuries was gentleness, humanity and Christianity responded to the cry of all tender and weary souls. The importance given to social questions is always, says our author. the inverse of political preoccupations. When political struggles die away and patriotism grows weak, the thought of an organization of humanity, in view of its greatest happiness and moral amelioration, becomes outspoken and dominant. The Roman State knew and could know only one thing, namely, how to organize collective egoism. But the governments, says M. Rénan, reared upon the assumption that nan is composed of covetous instincts only have deceived themselves, for devotion is as natural to man as egoism. The organization of devotion is religion; let no one hope, therefore, to dispense with religion or religious as sociations. In the judgment of our author, whose views upon this subject are often misconceived, each progression of modern society will render this want more imperious.

A great exaltation of religious sentiment was thus the consequence of the "Roman peace" established by Augustus. The ritualistic institutions of the Roman State worship could afford no satisfaction to the social discontent and the religious hunger that were shaking society One could never draw, we are told, from those institutions what had never existed in them-Deism or instruction. Here is the explanation of that singular attraction which, toward the commencement of our era, drew the populations of the old world toward the worships of the East, and especially toward Christianity and Mithraicism, which appealed most profoundly to the religious instinct, and offered the surest pledges of immortality. The curious fact is noted that beyond all others the Mithraic wor ship enjoyed in the second and third centuries an extraordinary popularity, and M. Rénan allows himself to say that, had not Christianity taken the lead. Mithraicism would have become the religion of the Western world. It, too, had mysterious reunions, and chapels which resembled little churches. It established a very solid bond of brotherhood between its votaries it had the Eucharist (the Lord's Supper), and bore such a likeness to the Christian mysteries that Justin the Apologist could see only one explanation of the similitude, namely, that Satan, in order to deceive the human race, sought mimic the Christian ceremonies, and commit an accursed plagiarism. M. Rénan pronounces the Mithraic tomb in the Catacombs of Rome no ess edifying and deeply mysterious than the Christian sepulchres, and he points out that there were some devoted Mithralats who, even after the triumph of Christianity, defended the sincerity of their faith with courage,

In his second conference M. Rénan investigated the legend of the martyrdom of Peter and Paul, and adduced some solid reasons for believing that both of the Apostles did, in fact suffer death for their faith at Rome. He considers that the reconciliation of the Petrine and Pauline sects, which seems to have followed the joint martyrdom of their founders, was in dispensable to the success of the Christian religion. The Judean Christianity represented the conservative spirit, without which nothing is solid; Hellenism the advance and progress. without which nothing is vital. The question however, whether Peter was or was not in Rome, has for us, he thinks, no political or moral bearing, for "if there is anything in the world which was not instituted by Jesus it is the Papacy, that is to say, the idea that the Church is a monarchy." We are reminded that the word ecclesia occurs only in the Gestiel of St. Matthew, and our author asserts that the idea of the Episcopos, as it existed in the second century, could have had no place in the mind of Jesus. He Himself was the living Episcopos during His brief Galilean appearance; from that time it is the Spirit who is to inspire each Apostle until the Lord shall return. In any case, had it been possible that the Saviour could have formed any idea whatever of "Church" and "Bishop," M. Renan deems it absolutely beyond doubt that Jesus never dreamed of conferring the headship of his church upon the future Episcopos of the Roman city-that impious metropolis, the sink of all earth's impurities, of whose existence he perhaps knew scarcely anything, and of which he must have entertained the gloomy opinions which all the Jews professed. In his third discourse the author demon

strates that the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem, which Titus supposed would prove the ruin of Christianity as well as that of Judaism, did in reality produce a precisely opposite effect. Had the temple survived Christianity would, in M. Rénan's opinion, have been arrested in its development, for the great his toric shrine would have continued to be the focus of all Judaic works. A centre of irrefragible authority, a patriarchate composed of a sort of College of Cardinals, under the presidency of men like James-pure Jews belonging to the family of Jesus-would have been established at Jerusalem, and constituted an immense danger for the new-born Church, The separation from Judaism would have been, in fact, impossible, whereas just such a divorce was indispensable to the growth of the new religion. The temple once destroyed, the Church of Jerusalem was reduced by the same stroke to a sec ondary importance, the perilous duality of the nascent Christian community ceased to be a mortal sore, and, lost in the depths of the region beyond the Jordan, the little group which had attached itself to James and Clopas, the kinsmen of Jesus, dwindled into the Ebionite sect, and slowly vanished. M. Benan does not hesitate to declare that the nephews and cousins of Jesus would have ruined Christianity if the churches of Paul bad not betimes shown themselves strong enough to act as a counterpoise to this germ of a sacerdotal aristogracy-just as Islamism must have perished under the embar-

assment caused by the family of its founder. had not the mass of his followers determined. upon second thought, to reject all those who were too near the person of the Prophet. Happy was it for the world that at two such momentous junctures circumstances aided instinct in pro-nouncing the true heirs of a great man to be those who prosecute his work, and not his rela-

tives by blood. M. Rénan concurs with all competent authorties in considering the creation of the Episcopate preeminently a Reman work, and he thinks its organization was completed between the years 120 and 130. If Christianity was to riumph over Mithraleism, this principle of ohesion was evolved just in time. It was the Episcopate alone, in M. Rénan's opinion. which, unpropped by the civil power and with no support from the tribunals, managed to establish order above liberty in a society originally founded on individual inspirations The Ebionites, who had no episcopate, had also, we are told, no conception of catholicity. Thus, at first sight, the work of Jesus had not seemed made to last. Built upon a belief in the destruction of the world, which as years rolled on was proved an error, it looked as if His congregation must needs dissolve in anarchy. After liberty, law was necessary. The work of Christ, says our author, might be viewed as saved, the day in which it was admitted that the Church had a delegated power. a vicarious authority, representing that of In the same volume with these lectures on

the earlier relations of Rome to Christianity, is

printed a translation of the remarkable dis-

course on Marcus Aurelius delivered by M. Renan last April before the Royal Institution It is needless to point out the extreme pertitemper and attitude of the public mind toward philosophical and religious questions. The great stoic Emperor, whom our author merely schoes the voice of history in proclaiming the type of immaculate grandeur, had, it seems, no speculative philosophy, not a single conception based upon the soul and immortality How could be be, then, so profoundly moral in his life, and in his uttered thoughts, without the beliefs that are alleged to be the foundations of morality? It is certain that Marcus Aurelius never looked forward to a life beyond the grave, and that he allowed duty to depend on no metaphysical opinion of the First Cause. M. Rénan, however, will not say that he never revolted against the strong fate which leaves man alone and at the mercy of the promptings of devotion, of sacrifice, of heroism-face to face with nature's transcendant immorality and supreme disdain for virtue. Once at least, what our author terms "the absurdity, the colossal iniquity, of death" seems to have struck the stoic Emporor, but soon his temperament, completely mortifled, resumes its sober sway, and his reason speaks again. "How happens it," he wrote on this exceptional occasion, "that the gods, who have ordered all things so well, and with so much love for men, should have forgotten one thing only-how is it. I mean, that men of tried virtue, who throughout their lives have enjoyed a sort of interchange of relations with Divinity. who have made themselves loved by it on account of their plous acts and their sacrifices of self, live not after death, but may be extinguished forever? Since the fact is so," he continues. "be sure that if it ought to have been therwise they (the gods) would not have failed; for if it had been just, it would have been possible; if it had been suitable to nature, nature would have permitted it. Consequently, when it is not thus, strengthen thy heart in this consideration, that it was not necessary that it should be thus." Upon these words of his subset M. Rénan comments as follows: "Ah, is it not too much resignation, ladies and gentlemen? If it is veritably thus, then I assert we have the right to complain and to blaspheme the gods. To say that if this world has not its counterpart hereafter, the man who is sacrificed to truth or right ought to leave it content, and absolve the Deity of injustice, that is really too naive. For why has his credulity been thus abused? Why should he have been endowed with deceitful instincts of which he has been the honest dupe? Wherefore is a premium thus given to the frivolous or wicked man? Cursed be the gods who so adjudge their preferences." M. Renan goes on to say that, for his own part, he is willing the future should be an enigma, but if there is no future at all then this world is a frightful ambuscade. He asks us, however, to take notice that his wish is not that of the vulgar clown; that he has no desire to see the chastisement of the culpable, that his aspiration has but little selfishness in it. "It is simply," he says, "to be, to remain, in accord with light, to continue the thought we have betruth which we are seeking with so much labor. to see the triumph of the good which we have

loved." M. Renan sums up the character of the great Stole in some short sentences, which seem to us as weighty and incisive as anything he has written. Marcus Aurelius, we are told, was the nonor of human nature, and not of any formulated creed. His religion is the absolute religion which results from the simple fact of a high moral conscience placed face to face with he universe. It is of no race, neither of any country, "No revolution, no change, no discovery, will have power to affect it. Science, the author adds, "may yet destroy, in appear ance, God and the immortal soul, but the book of the 'Thoughts' will still remain young with the youth of life and truth."

A New Life of Tom Moore.

A companion volume to the blography of Samuel Lover, written by the same author, Mr. A. J. SYMINGTON, has lately been issued by the Harpers under the title of Thomas Moore, the Poet; His Life and Works. The author seems to have called his facts from trustworthy sources; and although he sets forth his own verdict on the poet and his writings, nevertheess records various opinions formed from different points of view, and by copious extracts assists us to frame an independent judgment. We need not remind the reader that Moore's life was peculiarly brilliant in its social aspect; that at one epoch of his career he knew almost every one that was worth knowing in London society, and it was to be expected, therefore, that the present record would abound in interesting incident and lively anecdote. Mr. Symington has made the most of his material and his memoir will be found extremely interesting reading.

Tom Moore was born, we are told, in Dublin, in the year 1780, in a very humble walk of life. his father being a retail grocer and keeper of a small wine store, who lived over his shop, From his childhood the boy exhibited a genius for lyric verse and music, and two of his productions, dropped into the letter box of a Dublin magazine, appeared in its pages when he was only 14 years of age. He was his schoolmaster's show scholar, and as he looked particularly infantine for his years, the effect of his recitations on public days was, of course, enhanced. "Oh, he's an old little crab," said one of the rival mammas on an occasion of this kind; "he can't be less than 11 or 12 years of age." "Then, madam," said a gentleman sitting next to her, who was alightly acquainted with the Moore household, " if that is the case he must have been 4 years old before he was born." There is, it seems, still extant a playbill of a performance at a private theatre, where one of the attractions named is " An Epilogue' by Muster Moore. The bill is dated 1790, when Tom was just 10 years old. In 1794 Moors entered Trinity College, Dublin, where his career is said to have been more than ordinarily successful. While prospenting his academic studies, he continued to write verses for various publications; while, too, his sister's music teacher taught him to play on the planoforte. He also learned Italian from a priest, and picked up French from an emigrant acquaintance. In 1798 he graduated a Bachelor of Arts, and, his father having saved a little money, he was sent to pursue his law studies in London, where he entered as a student at the Middle Temple. Moore had already translated the "Odes of

Anacreon," and shortly after settling in Lon- | muda had, by embezziement, involved him in a | song, his later volumes containing only a few

don he was able to arrange for their publication in a quarto volume. Through Lord Moira, whose acquaintance he had the good luck to make, he was introduced to the Duke of Bedford, Lord Holland, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, who became subscribers for his work, and the Prince of Wales permitted its dedicaion to himself. The volume was published in 1800, when the post was just of age and the iterary world was straightway full of the praise of the young noot. Moore's striking conversa tional powers, coupled with his poetical and musical gifts, rendered him everywhere a welcome guest, and he was now plunged headlong into the vortex of London fashionable society Meanwhile the authorities of his college would not subscribe for his book, and the poet retaliated by calling them "a corporation of boobles, without even sense enough to thank Heaven for anything like an effort of literature ming out of their leaden body." It was in 1801 that Moore printed a thin volume of noems under the name of "The late Thomas Little. Esq." These were full of indecencies, of which he was afterward so much ashamed that he altogether excluded many of them from the collected edition of his writings. His friend Rogers has recorded: "So heartily has Moore repeuted of having published 'Little's Poems that I have seen him shed tears-tears of deep contrition-when we were talking of them." Moore attwenty-one," says a critic who seems to have known him well. "had a singularly acute insight into his own character. Pretending to describe the nature of the fictitious Mr. Little, he says he had too much vanity to hide his virtues and not enough of art to conceal his defects." This describes Moore completely. and reveals the secrets of the marvellous popularity which he at one time enjoyed, as well as of the case with which his private life has always been assailed. He wore his heart upon his sleeve, and, in the end, the world grew tired

of looking at it. In 1803 Lord Moira procured Moore an appointment in the court of Bermuda as Registrar of the Admiralty; but finding it an uncongenial post, the poet remained there only a few months while arranging to have his duties performed by deputy. In April, 1804, he sailed to New York, and thence proceeded on a pleasure tour through the States. It is noteworthy that in a poom where he animadverts severely on the half-barbarous life of the American citizen at that epoch, he excepts from his strictures the acquaintances whom he made in Philadelphia in a passage beginning: "Yet, yet forgive me. oh, ye sacred few, whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew." Moore's whole absence from England covered only a period of fourteen months, and, from what he saw in the West, or, rather, from what he failed to see there, his previous admiration of republican institutions seems to have been considerably modified. The "Odes and Epistles," which were the literary fruit of this journey, appeared in 1806, and the volume was very severely handled by Jeffrey in the Edinburgh Review on the score of its questionable morality. Moore, irritated, sent a challenge to his critic, but the meeting was interrupted by the police, and on the ground where the duel was to have been fought it was discovered by the seconds that one of the pistols had no bullet. A report got abroad that Moore and Jeffrey had fought with unloaded weapons, and Byron ironically commemorated the event in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Stung by this biting sarcasm. Moore sent a second challenge to Byron, but, fortunately, matters were adjusted by common friends without a hostile meeting, and between the would-be combatants there was formed a friendship to be severed only by death. In 1807. Moore began to publish the "Irish Melodies." which were not, however, completed until 1834. He furnished words and adapted the airs. while Sir John A. Stevenson was to provide the accompaniments. Not long afterward he printed anonymously two or three long poems which were not very successful. Of authorship he wrote about this time: "How a poor author is puzzled nowadays between quantity and quality! The booksellers will not buy him if the former be not great, and the critics will not let him be read if the latter be not good." In 1811 Moore married a young Irish actress

to whose moral character Lord John Russell

has paid a high tribute. Her personal appear-

ance was such as to draw from Rogers the ap-

pellation of "the Psyche," and another ac-

quaintance described her in the following

" Her figure and carriage were perfect, terms: her head and throat exquisitely moulded, her voice soft and clear, her eyes brown and liquid. her features really beautiful, and her face a perfect oval. Even at a much later period no one could have entered a room where she was without murmuring, 'What a lovely woman!'" With this amiable and charming wife Moore, to quote his own words, enjoyed " perfect happiness," and the story of their lives reads like an idyl. It appears, however, that the exchequer of the household sometimes got very low, for in 1812 we find Moore writing to afriend to let him have three or four pounds by return of post, and explaining that he and his wife had been staying at a friend's house much longer than they wished or intended, simply from not having a shilling in their pockets to give the servants on going away. In 1813 Moore took a little cottage in Derbyshire, for which he paid twenty pounds a year and here he seems to have had less difficulty in making both ends meet. It was not far from this time that he published the "Twopenny Postbag," which brought him in more fame and money than some of his more enduring works. The wit, pungency, and playfulness of these satires. chiefly aimed at the Prince Regent and his Ministers, made them immensely popular, and no less than fourteen editions were called for in a single year. How high Moore's reputation already was may be inferred from Jeffrey's proposition that he should contribute to the Edinburgh Review, coupled with the statement that, whereas the usual terms were twenty guineas for a sheet of sixteen pages, he would not in this case think of offering less than thirty. and probably a good deal more. Nor is it, we think, generally known that the Mesers, Longman consented to give him 3,000 guineas for a poetical work ("Lalia Rookh") of which they ad not seen a single line. The best and most popular portions of this poem were composed in his lonely cottage at Marfield, or, as he himself has told us, "It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters that I found myself enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around me some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself as almost native to its clime." According to an arrangement with the publishers, "Lalla Bookh" was completed in four years, and we need not say that the poem was a splendid success, dazzling the readers of the day with its gorgeous Eastern imagery. Within a fortnight of its issue the first edition was sold out, and within six months it had reached a sixth edition. Posterity has not, by any means, confirmed the judgment of contemporaries, but it is just to say that while the tales in "Lalia Rookh" are chiefly flash and glitter, yet they are pleasant reading, and some of the lyrics which are found in its pages are very melodious and beautiful.

In 1815 appeared, under the name of "Naional Airs," a volume containing "Flow on, on Shining River," "Oft in the Stilly Night," All that's Bright Must Fade," and other wellnown songs, and a year afterward were published two series of "Sacred Melodies." duding "The World is All a Fleeting Show." whose last lines Moore himself believed to be the finest of all his compositions. In 1817 a visit with Rogers to the French capital gave birth to the "Fudge Family in Paris"amusing melange of the political squib and the social burlesque-which, in the race of successive editions, kept pace with "Laila Rookh." On his return from his Continental tour he was urged by the Marquis of Lansdowne to come and live sear him, and accordingly Moore moved from Derbyshire to Sieperton Cottage, adjoining his friend's demeans of Howood in Wiltshire. This was the poet's only home in England till his | pleted until 1834. As time went on however, death in 1852. Moore had not long been settled here before he learned that his deputy in Ber- cover the "first fine carcless rapture" of his

debt of £6,000. The post had many pressing offers of assistance at this juncture, but he de-clined them, and endeavored to work out his deliverance entirely by his own efforts. Innsmuch, however, as an attachment had issued against Moore from the Court of Admiralty, it was deemed necessary, in order to avoid arrest, that he should sojourn for a time on the Conti nent pending negotiations for a reduction of the large demand on him.

The diary which Moore kept during his com

the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving sixpence from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the sixpence. then at him, and at last exclaimed: 'By Jasus, I'm overpaid for the job.'" The same Luttrell repeated a good phrase of an attorney's in speaking of a reconciliation that had taken place between two persons that he wished to set by the ears: "I am sorry to tell you, sir, that a compromise has broken out between the parties." And here is another Irish story: One poor gentleman asked another to come and dine off boiled beef and potatoes with him. That I will," says the other, "and it's rather odd it should be exactly the same dinner I had at home for myself, barring the beef." We also find registered an anecdote of a Frenchman, who, having been asked repeatedly to dinner by person whom he knew to be but a shabby Amphitryon, went at last, and found a meal so meagre and bad that he did not get a bit to eat. When the dishes were removing the host said: "Well, now the ice is broken, I suppose you will ask me to dine with you some day." "Most willing-ly." "Name your day, then." "Aujourd'hui, par example," answered the dinnerless guest. From the entries made in the diary for 1822 and 1823, we extract the following: On somebody remarking that Payne Knight had got very deaf, "'Tis from want of practice," said Bogers, Knight being a bad listener. Elsewhere we are told that "Foote once said to a canting sort of a lady who asked him, 'Pray, Mr. Foote, do you ever go to church?' 'No, madam; not that I see any harm in it.' Again, a fair enough pun is ascribed to Scroope Davies, who, it seems, called some person who had a habit of puffing out his cheeks when he spoke, and was not re markable for veracity, "the molian lyre." another part of his journal Moore notes that he quoted apropos of "Selina Locke's eyes," the saying of a Spanish poet to a girl. "Lend me your eyes for to-night: I want to kill a man. A little later, it is also thought worth while to chronicle that at Miss White's, while somebody was describing the use of the lasso in catching men as well as animals. Luttrell said: "The first syllable of it had caught many a man." Another good thing is credited to Luttrell. It was said of some one's very dark complexion that he looked as if the dye of his old trade. hat making, had got ingrained into his face, "Yes," said Luttrell, "darkness that may be felt." We have next a mot attributed to Plunket. On some one saying, "Well, you see, So-andso's predictions have come true." "Indeed. said Plunkett. "I always knew he was a bore,

but I did not know he was an augur." Breakfasting at Rogers's in May, 1828, Moore notes Luttrell's idea of the English climate: " On a fine day 'tis like looking up a chimney; on a rainy day, like looking down it." At the same house he heard an anecdote of the Disputatious Man: "Why, it is as plain as that two and two make four." "But I deny that, too, for two and two make twenty-two." Talking of figurative oratory, some one mentioned the barrister be-fore Lord Ellenborough: "My Lord, it is written in the book of nature." "What book?" says Lord Ellenborough. "The book of nature." "Name the page," said Lord Ellenborough, holding his pen uplifted as if to jot down the number. Of Charles Lamb we are told that he sat next to some chattering woman at dinner. Observing he did not attend to her. "You don't seem," said the lady, "to be at all the better for what I have been saying to you." "No. ma'am," Lamb answered; " but this gentleman at the other side of me must, for it all came in at the one ear and went out at the other." Moore further chronicles that at Bowood a Russian mentioned an anecdote of a Swiss and a Brabanter talking together, and the latter reproaching the Swiss with fighting for money, whereas he, the Brabanter, fought for honor. is," answered the Swiss, dryly, " we each of us fight for what each most wants." At another time, dining at Murray's, the poet heard of a man recounting his feats in shooting, and apnealing to Murray, who had been out with him and who said: " What he hits is history; what he missed is mystery"—obviously a double joke. if we pronounce the words his-story and mystory.

Before again taking up the thread of Moore's

changeful life, we may note a few other entries from his diary, which constitutes one of the most capacious repertoires of anecdote and gossip in the English language. Dining at Longman's, Sydney Smith gave a samble of the joint writing he and Brougham used to do for the Edinburgh Review. In an article on Ritson. We take for granted (wrote Brougham) that Mr. Ritson supposes Providence to have had some share in producing him, though for what inscrutable purposes (added Sydney) we profess ourselves unable to conjecture." Talking of the bread that it was rumored they were about to make from sawdust, Sydney suggested that young ladies in dressing for a ball would say, "Mamma, I am beginning to sprout." Another guest told a story of Fontenelle's saying that he flattered himself he had a good heart, and of some one's replying. "Yes, my dear Fontenelle, you have as good a heart as can be made out of brains." Dining at Lansdowne House, Moore heard Luttrell say of some young man just come of age that "he had nothing to do. and a great deal of money to do it with." Of Keller, a brilliant but unsuccessful Irish barrister, it is related that he said to some Judge. a steady, solemn fellow, who had thriven as much in his profession as Keller had failed: In opposition to all the laws of natural philosophy, you have risen by your gravity while I have sunk by my levity." Talking of Irishmen's unwillingness to pay ready money, Luttrell once described the process of purchasing a horse between one Irish gentleman and another: "Price sixty pounds, for which you have no occasion to pay down eash-only commit your thoughts to paper." In July, 1845, Moore notes a good hit made in the House of Commons. One night a blustering declaimer having triumphantly exclaimed, "I am the guardian of my own conscience," Sir Boyle Roche settled the orator by saying, "I wish the honorable gentleman joy on his sinecure appointment," About the same date Moore found in an old book the following scrap, which he thought worth preserving: "There was a Spanish doctor who had a fancy that Spanish, Italian, and French were all three spoken in paradise; that God Almighty commanded in Spanish, the Tempter wheedled in Italian, and Adam begged pardon in French." We reproduce one other entry from the journal, viz., an anecdote of John Kemble, who, being much interrupted during a performance at a country theatre by the squalling of a young child in the gallery, walked with solemn step to the front of the stage, and addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, the child cannot possibly go on. We have said that Moore went to the Continent in the hope that the claims of those who had been defrauded by his deputy in Bermuda might be considerably cut down. As a matter

of fact they were reduced from six thousand

pounds to twelve hundred pounds, most of

which sum was advanced by the Marquis of

paid his friends in full from the balance placed

to his credit by the Messrs. Longmans during

the summer of 1823. By that time the "Loves

of the Angels" and the "Tables for the Holy

Alliance," which he had written when in exile,

had brought him in £1,500. During the year

1823, Moore made a favorable arrangement re-

garding the "Irish Melodies," his publishers

agreeing to pay £500 a year for the control of

the series, which, as we have said, was not com-

the poet displayed a growing inability to re-

Lanedowne and Lord John Russell, Moore re-

gems of any great value, such as "Oft in the Stilly Night" and "Sound the Loud Timbrel," This deterioration has been attributed to the social stress on the talents of Moore. He continued, however, to make a great deal of noney, receiving, for instance, £4.870 for his biography of Lord Byron. When we add that Lord Lansdowne procured him a pension of £300, there seems to be no adequate reason for the pecuniary straits in which he was so frequently involved. We may add that two years before his death his wife received an additional pulsory residence abroad is full of anecdote. pension of £100 a year in consideration of her In July, 1821, we find this entry: " Luttrell told husband's literary services. It must be admitus of an Irishman, who, having jumped into ted that Moore was a spendthrift to the end of his days. His writings altogether brought him in £30,000, but he had nothing to leave to his

wife except his diary in manuscript Moore, as we have seen, began his literary career in 1800, at the age of 21, and his fame steadily increased up to 1823, culminating with the publication of the "Loves of the Angels," For the next thirty years he wrote occasionally, and sometimes copiously, but, adding nothing to his reputation, he lived upon the glory of his youth. His latter years were clouded by domestic grief, his five children having all disc before him. Before he was 65 his memory had greatly failed, and there was a marked obseqration of all his faculties. Finally, in 1848, the fate of Swift, Scott, and Southey overtook him; mental imbecility set in, caused by softening of the brain. For four years more he may be said to have lingered on his death bed, tenderly enred for by his wife, whom alone he sometimes recognized. He died at Sloperton Cottage, which had been his home for more than thirty years, on Feb. 26, 1852, and he was buried in the churchyard of Bromham, within view of his own house. Only two persons from a distance, of all the many with whom he had mingled in the years of his youth and fame, stood by his grave when he was laid to rest-one of them a clergyman, and the other, one of his publishers, who had been in truth his lifelone and substantial friends. Of Moore's bearing in society, Lord Byron said: "He is gentlemanly, gentle, and alto-

gether more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted." Jeffrey called him

the sweetest-blooded, warmest-hearted, hap-

piest, hopefullest creature that ever set fortune

are as dark and as fine as you would wish to se

at deflance." Leigh Hunt wrote:

under a set of vine leaves; his mouth generous and good humored, with dimplea." Scott, in his own diary, notes that Moore's countenance is plain, but the expression is very animated, especially in speaking or singng, so that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it." And Mr. S. C. Hall, who knew him well, describes our poet as "graceful, small, and slim in fig. ire-his upturned eyes and eloquent features adding force to his songs." Finally, his per sonal appearance is sketched by N. P. Willis, who was "surprised at the diminutiveness of his person. He is much below the middle size, and with his white hat and long chocolate frock coat, was far from prepossessing in outward aspect. With this material disadvantage, nowever, his address is gentlemanlike to a very marked degree, and I should think no one could see Moore without conceiving a strong liking for him." They both dined, it seems, at Lady Blessington's. Willis had been there but a few minutes, when "Mr. Moore," cried the footman at the top of the staircase and," with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman, between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enters the poet. Haif a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington-of whom, says Mr. Willis (though we have no other authority for the statement) he was a lover when she was sixteen, and to whom some of the sweetest of his songs were written -he made his compliments with a gayety and an ease, combined with a kind of worshipping deference, that was worthy of a prime minister at the court of love." With the gentlemen ha had the trank, merry manner of a confident favorite, and darted from one to the other like a hird stealning back his head to look up a them. It must be admitted that too much of Moore's time was frittered away among the mob of those who were merely titled people. Indeed, his life has been summed up as "an untiring pursuit of poetry, prose, and fashionable society." Byron said. "Tommy dearly loved a lord" and Moore's journals continually evince his vanity in this respect although it was essentially of a harmless and kindly sort. who knew him, wrote: "It is as useless to wish Moore anything but what he was as to wish a butterfly a bee, or that a moth should refrain from flying into a candle. It was his nature, and the pleasure of being caressed, flattered, and admired by great people must be purchased at any cost." In further extenuation, it has been said that Moore wished to keep him self before the people who could buy his expensive quarto volumes, and that Mrs. Moore acquiesced in what was thus for their mutual enefit. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that Moore spent the greater part of his time in the metropolis. The brilliant London days are minutely recorded in his diary, whereas the hard-working months in his Wiltshire cottage are passed over in a few lines. His domestic life at Sloperton gave scope to the best parts of his character, and, fond as he was of society, he proved himself at all times a most affectionate

husband, son, and brother. If some of Moore's work seems labored and artificial, his shorter lyrics, when sung, still seem unmatched in their tunefulness, delicacr. and soft pathos. In our day, when the cult of Shelley has been carried to such a height, it may surprise many to learn that the author of the 'Sky Lark" humbly avowed himself "proud to acknowledge his inferiority" as a song writer to Moore. By another poet, Rogers, # was quaintly said that Moore was born "with a rose in his lips and a nightingale singing on a rose in his lips and a nightingale singing of the top of the bed." In much the same tenor Byron wrote: "Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents—poetry, music, volce—all his own and an excression in each which never was nor will be possessed by another." And of the "Melodies." Byron—anthus astically declared that to him they were "worth all the calced that to him they were "worth all the spirkling, Moore, at his best, has been and terminated the Bossint of metrical composers and the humming bird of poets. His airy verse, with its drawing-room sheen and polish, may be bust described in his own words:

Mine is the lay that light forty.

Mine is the lay that lightly floats.
And have are the murmaring dying notes
That fall as soft as anise on the sea
And melt in the heart as instantly.

M. W. H. DYING WITH HIS WILL UNSIGNED.

An Invalld without Relatives who Wished to Make his Landlord his Legates. About a month ago Jacob Steiner, an invalid, visited West Hoboken, N. J., and put up at a small hotel, kept by Godfried Pfeiffer. Steiner was a civil engineer, and had been engaged in the construction of many important works in Buffalo, St. Louis, Chicago, and Brooklyn. White living in the last mentioned Brooklyn. White living in the last mentioned city, in the early part of June, he received some \$5.000 as a legacy from a relative in Germany. He then determined to travel for the benefit of his health. While he was slaving at Ploiffer's Hotel, the proprietor of which he had known for several years, his sickness, whice seemed to be in the nature of a pulmonary disorder. Became agaravated, and on has saurably many many many means agaravated, and on has saurably many many means agaravated, and on has saurably many many means agaravated to the services of his fire expressed in desire to make his will. A his request Ploiffer procured the services of his fire Hustines as admitted to the dying man anothined, kieling saud that he had no reduced living and that as Ploiffer ind been very three him suring his sickness he desired to join him suring his sickness, he desired to join him suring his sickness he had so reduced the will neverther the beat no reduced him suring his sickness had been very these. The document procured situation in a back in this city and an equal situation in a back in this city and an equal situation in a back of common that Pleiffer gave his remains a decent burnal.

As Steiner took a pen into his hand to sife the will he was soured with weakness, and fainted. The Justice procured some transful was the side of the many and the alternative raised with break the him to drink it, at his his his head to change him to drink it, at his his his his did not change him to drink it, at his his his his beautiful more at the him to drink it, at his his his beautiful him one of the money. Steiner's body was buried on Monday afternoon. city, in the early part of June, he received